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BALLAD OF THE BEGGAR.

The starlings fly in the windy sky,
The rabbits run out a-row,
The pheasants stalk in the stubble dry
As I tramp through the evenglow—
As I tramp, tramp and grow
More weary with every stride,
And think, as the riders come and go—
If I had a horse to ride!

The farmer trots by on his roadster high,
The squire on his pony low,
Young miss sweeps out from the park gate nigh,
And canters away with her beau.
They are proud of themselves—oh, no!
But couldn't I deal in pride,
And couldn't I, too, cut a dash and show,
If I had a horse to ride?

The farmer is four times as fat as I;
The squire he is blind and slow;
Young miss has not nearly so bright an eye
As Bess at the "Barley Mow."
Ah, wouldn't I cry "Gee-hup, gee-ho,'
And wouldn't I bang his side,
Ah, wouldn't I teach him to gallop it, though,
If I had a horse to ride.

ENVOY.

It was only a beggar that grumbled so,
As his blistered feet he plied;
But the cry is a cry that all of us know—
If I had a horse to ride!

—*Wide Awake.*

FLAG SENTIMENT.

Something About the Standards of All Nations.

The Ancient Hebrews, Chinese and Japanese and Their Venerated Banners—Modern Emblems -- The Red Cross Flag of Humanity.

It has been well said that in the succession of moving, and often strongly contrasting, events which compose the history of nations, the flag is so closely associated as to become to men's minds the emblem and visible presence of the nation personified. It floats tranquilly over the turning point of battles which determine the nation's existence, crowning its triumphs, gracing its festivities, draping its halls of legislature and justice, drooping in its defeats, and shrouding the dead bodies of its heroes. The English word "flag" is derived from an English-Danish word meaning to fly, or that which hangs down loosely, and it originated in the early use of rushes for streamers. It is a singular fact that the old English name for the iris or "fleur-de-lis" is flag. In modern parlance under the generic name of flag is included standards, ensigns, banners, colors, streamers, pennons, guidons, coronets or coronels (from which last name is derived the title of Colonel). The guidon, particularly when used in the infant regiments, is sometimes called the marker.

A standard, or flag, represents not only the patriotism and strength, but also the sentiment or thought of the nation. These emblems have existed from the most remote periods, and have always exercised a powerful influence upon mankind. In the time of Moses, 1491 B. C., the Hebrews had their standards; Solomon hoisted the standard of the Lion in Jerusalem, upon which was inscribed the sentiment, "Rise, Lord, let Thine enemies be dispersed, and let those that hate Thee flee before Thee." Romulus, when he founded Rome, adopted on his standard the image of a she-wolf (his reputed foster-mother), combined with the eagle of Jupiter, which was the emblem of his Senate. Mahomet selected a green standard, which is always preserved with the greatest veneration, enveloped in four coverings of green taffeta, inclosed in a case of green cloth, and only on occasions of extreme danger is this sacred symbol taken from its place of deposit. His devout followers believe it was brought down from Heaven by the angel Gabriel.

In China, the earliest standard of which we have any record represents a warrior slaying a hideous-looking dragon with a spear, just as St. George and the dragon are represented in more modern times. The Chinese description of this reptile is that it has the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, eyes of a rabbit, ears of a cow, neck of a snake, stomach of a frog, scales of a carp, claws of a hawk, and the palms of a tiger. On each side of the mouth are whiskers, and its head contains a bright pearl. Its breath is sometimes changed into water, and sometimes into fire, and its voice is like the jingling of copper pans. This beautiful reptile existed existed when John Chinaman was first created out of yellow clay. There is comfort in the thought that it became extinct over ten thousand years ago. In our time and generation, a sudden meeting of such a reptile would not be calculated to inspire in us sentiments of either confidence, love, cheerfulness, or patriotism. The present national flag of China is triangular in shape, composed of deep yellow bunting, and upon it is a blue dragon, with a green head, snapping at a red pearl or ball.

The old imperial standard of Japan, in the opinion of its people, was something sacred and sublime. Its threefold device symbolized, several things, combining the sacred, astronomical, social and convivial sentiment. The triple lobes represent Sintoism, the religion of the Kamis, Buddhism and Confucianism. They also symbolized the three annual and the three monthly festivals. First, the great new year, which lasts a month; second, the feast of Spring, on the third day of third month (or that of the flowers and young maidens), and third and last the feast of neighbors in the "won't-go-home-till-morning" style.

Great Britain, or England, that proud nation which boasts that upon its dominion the sun never sets, has more banners or standards than any other kingdom or republic. The first in the list is what is called the royal standard, or square flag, blazoned with the arms of the United Kingdom. The second is the flag of the Lord High Admiral, a crimson banner with an anchor agent, gorged in the arm with a coronet, and a cable through the ring, fretted in a true-lover's knot, with ends pendent. Third, the flag of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a Union Jack, having in the center of the crosses a blue shield, emblazoned with a golden harp. Fourth, the Union, or Union Jack, in which are blended the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, emblematic of the united kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland. Fifth and last, is the flag of the cross of St. George, white, with a red cross, the sign of the old crusaders. Each one of these flags represents not only the different British possessions and various branches of the government, but also the chivalrous, religious and patriotic sentiments.

The French flag is, comparatively, a modern idea. Under the feudal system every lord had his own personal coat of arms or standard. In the year 1794 the present standard was adopted. It is composed of three equal bands placed vertically, the hoist (or the part nearest the staff) being blue, the center white and the fly (or the end) red. This tricolor is supposed to be a union of the blue banner of St. Martin, the red banner of St. Denis and the "cornette blanche;" there being evidence that these colors have been regarded as the national emblem for centuries.

The flag most recently added to the family of European nations is the black, red and gold banner, of the North German Empire. When Emperor Barbarossa was crowned, in the year 1152, the road to the palace was covered with carpet, into which were woven the colors black, red and gold. After the coronation the carpet was given to the people and cut into strips, which were carried by them about the city as flags. During the heated discussion in the National Assembly at Frankfort in 1848, as to which combination of colors should have precedence, Freiligrath said: "Powder is black, blood is red and golden flickers the flame, and that is the old imperial standard." I like the motto of Frederic Wilhelm: "From night—through blood—to light."

I might draw attention to the flags, and the associated sentiment, of many other nations, both ancient and modern, but will pass on to our own grand and beautiful star-spangled banner, which represents a nobler, purer and more patriotic sentiment. Its stripes of red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States which were associated to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars—white in field of blue—proclaimed a National Constitution, which receives a new star with every added State. The two together signify, Union past and present. The language even of the colors was officially recognized by our fathers—white is for purity, red for valor and the blue for justice.

Hon. George F. Hoar, in 1878, said: "I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountain and river. I have seen the sunset on Jungfrau, and the full moon rise on Mont Blanc, but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land—beautiful as a flower to those who love it, and terrible as a meteor to those who hate it. It is the symbol of the power and glory and the honor of 50,000,000 of Americans."

At the close of the first day of that terrible battle of Shiloh (or Pittsburgh Landing), after having been driven by superior numbers from seven different lines of defense, losing in killed and wounded one-third of the whole command, without food or rest, saddened by the loss of many comrades and friends, we waited anxiously for the evening's last attack before sundown, knowing that if we did not successfully resist it we would be forced to surrender or be driven into the river, when suddenly there appeared approaching us, on the opposite side of the river, a body of mounted men. In the distance and in the dim light we could not distinguish them from friend or foe, but when on the rising ground at a bend in the road, the smoke from the battle-field cleared a little, and we saw the grand old Stars and Stripes, then we knew they were friends, and that the long-expected and much-needed reinforcements were at hand. Our hearts were filled with renewed hope and courage, and when General Buell's first brigade crossed the river and marched up the bank, its band playing the grand old air "The Star Spangled Banner," many a battle-scarred and powder-begrimmed soldier's eyes were filled with tears, and the shout of exultation and defiance made the woods ring. The enemy heard it above the din and roar of the battle, and knew it was a harbinger of their next day's defeat. Even the wounded seemed to revive and become inspired with new hope and courage.

I once saw a young soldier who belonged to a battery of artillery engaged in patching the holes in his guidon (a marker's flag) with cloth from the lining of an important part of his uniform. (If he was familiar with the history of France in 1792 he might have thought of the insurgents' standard, which was a pair of black breeches, upon which was the inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, for we, the people, still were the breeches.") When I asked him why he made such a sacrifice and spent so much time to repair that old flag, his answer was that as we were so far from the base of supplies, he could not get a new one, and he must have one, for when the battery went into action, with the thirty-six horses and the six guns, he always stuck the pike to which the guidon was attached firmly into the ground, to mark the line of battle, where the battery was to form and go into action, and even if the man who rode the leading horse was killed or disabled, and the din of the battle was so great that the bugle call could not be heard, the horses were so well drilled that they would wheel around the flag, make or execute the maneuver known as "by left into line," and when the muzzles of the six guns were on a line with the flag, and then, as soon as the guns were unlimbered, he would again place it, about two hundred paces to the rear, and the horses would gallop to the rear, with the caissons, and halt again on a line with it. Perhaps there is not much sentiment in the mending of that old flag by the battery boy, but is there not a beautiful sentiment in the thought of those noble horses, doing their share of the fighting, side by side with us, learning to know the flag and rallying upon it?

In conclusion, I will draw attention to the most glorious of all flags, the banner of the red cross. An international public conference was called at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1863. At this time a treaty was drawn up and signed by representatives of twenty-five different governments, which provided for the neutrality of all sanitary supplies, ambulances, surgeons, nurses, attendants, sick or wounded men, and their safe conduct when they bear the banner of the red cross. Largely through the influence and perseverence of Miss Clara Barton, our Government was induced, eventually, to instruct its proper representative to sign the treaty. As a compliment to Switzerland, the association adopted as its banner the color of the Swiss flag, reversed, the red cross on a white ground. This flag is held sacred by all civilized nations of the world. In the fiercest battle no shot is ever aimed at this symbol. It protects alike castle or cottage, friend or foe. It insures safe conduct to all transports to an enemy's country. Under this banner social distinctions are abolished. The proudest rulers of the kingdoms of the earth bow with respect and submission to this banner—the universal representative of man's humanity to man and the harbinger of the time when all nations shall "beat the swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more."—*Chicago Journal.*

JACKSON'S LIFE.

Old Hickory's Desperate Fight on the Borders of Georgia and Tennessee.

Andrew Jackson's life was literally a "battle and a march." From his youth, in the revolution, to his old age in the White House, he passed few years without a fight of some kind on his hands. War appeared to be his natural element, and it made little difference to him whether he was fighting the Indians in Mississippi, the British in Louisiana, or Calhoun and the nullifiers, Clay and the Whigs, or Biddle and the banks. He had no fondness for wine, or ardent spirits, or games of chance or skill, although living among men who spent much time in such indulgences. He was interested in horse-racing, however, and was always ready with the pistol when "the times were out of joint," and ugly customers on the warpath. One day, not long after the adoption of the Constitution, there was a horse-race on the borders of Georgia and Tennessee, between the horses of the respective States. The Georgia horse won, and after the race was over the participants in the sport dined together at a tavern near the race-course. Jackson, then a young man, sat next to a stalwart Georgian. In the course of the dinner, the former, smarting under the mortification of defeat, cried out in a loud voice: "Georgia's a mighty mean State. Tennessee's a heap better." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the stalwart Georgian seized Jackson by the nape of his neck and the seat of his pantaloons and threw him clear across the table. Jackson lit upon his feet like a cat, and, drawing a pistol, opened fire upon his opponent. A general scrimmage ensued, which lasted for half an hour, but, strange to relate, none were killed or wounded. My informant was a boy at the time, and witnessed the fight through a crack of the door, behind which in his terror he had taken refuge. He lived to be nearly ninety, and saw many scrimmages in after years in that wild country between the Coosa and the Black Warrior, but this fight at Bob Anderson's Tavern he always regarded as the great event of his life.—*Ben: Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

Inventions That Are Needed.

An English scientific journal enumerates the following as among the inventions which are specially needed at the present time: Macaroni machinery, good red-lead pencils, type-writers that will work on account books and record books, indelible stamp-canceling ink, a practical car starter, a good railway car ventilator, better horse-shoes, locomotive headlights, an instrument for measuring the velocity of wind currents, apparatus for measuring the depth of the sea without sounding by line, piano-lid hinge which shall be flush on the outside, good fluid India ink for draughtsmen, a good metallic railway tie, an effective cut-off for locomotives, a method of alloying copper and iron, and a molding material for iron and brass casting capable of giving a mold that can be used over and over again.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

MUGGINS' ADVENTURES.

Most Extraordinary Tales Which Contained One Indisputable Bit of Truth.

It is singular the hallucinations that will get possession of a man when he has been drinking a little too much. Now there is Muggins, a temperate and truthful man as a rule, but when he is a little "off"—for he gets that way once in awhile—he tells the most extraordinary tales of his adventures by land and sea—pure fabrications, all of them. He imagines that he has been everywhere, met everybody and seen every thing, when the fact is that he was born and raised in the village where he resides and was never more than twenty miles away from home in all his life. He has traveled "in his mind" altogether. He quite believes all that he is relating while the "spirit" is on, but mournfully repudiates it all the next morning.

"Then you wasn't on a four years' whaling voyage when a boy?" said a man to whom he acknowledged that his tales of the night before were all made out of whole cloth.

"Whale nothin'," said Muggins, gloomily. "I don't see why I need to tell that pesky lie every time I get full. The only experience I had in whaling was when dad whaled me."

"You said you went before the mast."

"It was a lie; the mast went before me, long enough."

"Never heard a more entertaining story in my life," continued the man, "than you gave me of going around the Horn."

"Well, I didn't go around any horn while I was telling it, did I?"

"You said a terrible storm came up—every body just frightened to death except yourself. The captain told you to take the helm."

"Did I state where he wanted me to take it to?" said Muggins with bitter sarcasm.

"The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed—"

"In the pan."

"And there stood the Horn, perfectly erect and over one thousand feet high. But you got around it."

"You bet I did, I would get around any thing with a quart of beer in me. But it's a lie, every word of it. Never even saw the sea."

"Oh, but the whales you used to catch! You wielded the liveliest harpoon in the business."

"I've hung my harpoon 'the willow,'" sighed Muggins.

"'But I say, Muggins," continued his tormetor, "there isn't any doubt but that you fought in the Mexican war, is there?"

"Never fought nothin', I tell you," said Muggins, pressing his hands to his throbbing temples.

"What! W asn't you the first man to wade the Rio Grande, carrying the stars and stripes high over your head? Didn't you capture Santa Anna single handed, receiving the thanks of General Taylor as you led your prisoner into camp by the coat collar? You said so, you know!"

"I suppose I did," groaned Muggins. "What a fool a man will make of himself when the wine is in and—and his wife is out!"

"Well, Mr. Muggins," said the man, "I begin to doubt some of the other statements that you made to me last night. I seriously question whether you gave Morse his ideas about the magnetic telegraph, or invented the telephone, or suggested the liberty statue to Bartholdi, or knew Columbus in the old country, or went up in the first balloon, or was drunk—"

"Hold on!" cried Muggins; "if I said I was drunk there was one bit of truth that I told last night. Let's shake on that."

So they shook—each other, and parted.—*Texas Siftings.*

WARM STABLES.

Plain Facts for the Consideration of Owners of Milk Cows.

Are your stables for your cows warm and well ventilated, so as to be both comfortable and sweet? If not, set to work at once to make them so, for in this you will find true economy—both a saving of food and an increased product, if you are making butter or cheese, or simply peddling milk. But do not seek to secure warmth by the close confinement of your cows. There must be a free circulation of air in order to secure the good health of the cows and a sweet-flavored product. If with good ventilation, letting the air in at the head of the cows and out at the rear, you can not keep up the required temperature, then resort to artificial heating. It will pay. Once the arrangements are made for heating, the expense will be comparatively small, as a high temperature will not be required. The range of temperature for health and comfort is about fifteen degrees—that is, from forty-five to sixty degrees Fahr. Below this, cows standing in the stall will begin to shiver and feel uncomfortable; above, discomfort follows and they will begin to pant. It is much cheaper to burn fuel in a heater than food in the cow to keep up the animal heat.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Valuable Suggestion.

Boss—What can I do for you?

Applicant—I can do the same work your present book-keeper does for twenty dollars a month cheaper.

"Thank yon."

"Are you going to let me take his place?"

"Well, no; but I'll knock twenty dollars a month off his wages, thanks to your suggestion."—*Texas Siftings.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The hand-maid of Scripture was a simple thing compared with the tailor-made girl of the present day.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"For what is it my sad soul yearns?" asks a poetess. We don't know, dear, unless it is for the editor to send you a check instead of the little note "Returned with thanks."—*New Haven News.*

—Wife (innocently)—Is the base ball season over? Husband (petulantly)—Of course. Look at the weather. Any fool ought to know that. Wife (sweetly)—That's why I asked you, my dear.—*Washington Critic.*

—A servant-girl went to sleep one afternoon and did not wake up until forty hours later. When she awoke she was naturally much incensed to find that she had been defranded out of two evenings out.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"So you think Friday an unlucky day, do you, Edith?" "Yes, indeed, I do, ma'am." "And why do you think it is unlucky?" "Well, you see we always have fish on Friday, and I just abominate fish."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—A fashion item says: "Bonnets will not be worn as high this year as last." If this be true, all this talk about "elevating the stage" may as well be dropped. With less lofty bonnets, the stage is high enough.—*Norristown Herald.*

—In Phil Armour's Chicago packing house they are killing four thousand hogs a day, and yet the man who sits sideways in a street car was in town yesterday. So was the man who has his hair cut Saturday night. Some men are born lucky.—*Burdette.*

—Editor: "What noise is that in the assistant editor's room?" Office Boy: "De assistant editor, Johnson, is stamping on de new type-writin' machine." Editor: "What's the matter with it?" Office Boy: "Why, he started to write up 'our funny column' and de t'ing rung up a chestnut before he'd wrote more'n a line."—*Judge.*

—"Mother," said a little Rockland girl, looking up from her book, "what does transatlantic mean?" "Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me, you make me forget my count." "Does 'trans' always mean across?" "I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions you'll go to bed." "Then does transparent mean a cross parent?"—*Rockland Courier.*

—Mr. Minks—Seems to me that new girl is a very good one, isn't she? Mrs. Minks—She is a perfect treasure. I can't imagine how I even existed before she came, and I'll never let her go, never; but the beauty of it is, she is just as well satisfied as I am, and I know she'll never even think of leaving. "Don't be too sure about that She may take a notion to get married some fine day." "No danger; she's been married once."—*Omaha World.*

—They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes. "George," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "Didn't you tell me once that you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Fannie, and I gladly reiterate that sentiment now," he replied in confident tones; "no noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I." "Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me." "Speak, darling; what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."—*Chicago Tribune.*

CARL DUNDER.

He Has His Mind Read and Finds Some of His Merchandise Missing.

"I suppose I vhas shwindled some more," sorrowfully remarked Mr. Dunder, as he paid a visit to Sergeant Bendall yesterday.

"Not a doubt of it. What's your story?"

"Do you pelief dot a man can read somepody's mind?"

"Well, I've heard of mind-readers."

"So has Shake, und he goes crazy aboudt it. He vhas going to be a mind-reader if it takes all winter. He practice a leetle on me, und I vhas astonished."

"But about the swindle?"

"Vhell, two mans come in my place last night vhen I vhas all alone. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, one of dot pair vhas a mind-reader, und he like to gif me some points. He doan' do it by everypody, but I vhas such a friendt of der poor dot he like to oblige me. Vhell, Sergeant, dot seems all right, und we lock der door und sot down. I vhas blindfolded mit a handkerchief, und der mind-reader says:

"'Now, Mr. Dunder, you fix your mind on some subject shust so harilt as you can, und keep awful shtill. If you take dot pantage off or shump aroundt dot preaks me all oop.'

"Vhell, Sergeant, I fix my mind on dot time I falls off my parn on Hastings shtreet, und may pe two minutes goes by und nobody shpeaks to me. Den der oldt woman comes down-shtairs und I take off der pantage. Dose mans vhas gone."

"And what else?"

"Two boxes of cigars and fife pottles of whisky. Vhas it a shwindle on me?"

"I should smile! Mr. Dunder, you are very soft."

"Sergeant, look in my eye! I vhas going home. To-night some pody vhill drop in. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Mr. Dunder, I like to read—— !"

"Yes."

"Dot vhas all, Sergeant! If some inquest vhas heldt you remember dot I vhas a shwindled man, und dot I kildt nim in self-defense!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A GOOD PLAYMATE.

In lesson time or holiday,
No matter if 'tis work or play,
There's always one with heart and will
To join with me: 'tis sister Phil.

Her name is Phyelis, but when we
Were tiny mites of five and three,
I called her "Phil," and then somehow
'Twas never changed from then till now.

I have no brothers, and it might
Sometimes be dull, but Phil is quite
As good a playmate, and as kind
As any brother you could find.

She has a share in all I do,
She feeds my pets, plays cricket, too,
And when I made my boat "Sunshine,"
She hemmed the sails with stitches fine.

For rainy days she knows a store
Of games and tales, and, what is more,
Each night she makes quite clear and plain
The lessons hard that tire my brain.

On holidays I often go
To play with other boys I know,
But there's a playmate better still
Than all of them; 'tis sister Phil.

—*Emily Glenton, in Little Folks.*

JO'S LUCK.

It Came to Him in the Shape of a Great Railroad Wash-Out.

"Did ye hear 'bout the cyclone? Scarcely a shanty left standing down in Morville. People killed, an' them who ain't killed fairly cleaned out. The wind 's jus' broke up every thing, an' left them poor as Job's turkey." The speaker was a long-haired, cadaverous looking individual, who spit tobacco juice about freely as he delivered himself of the foregoing statement. A motley group had gathered around the huge stove, for although a raw wind was blowing outside, the store door was left hospitably open to entice customers.

"Yes, hard lines," replied the courteous proprietor; "and the cyclone came within five miles of us, 'twill be our turn next. Contributions will be taken in all the churches to-morrow for the sufferers."

"Wall, people ought to pertect theirselves," continued the first speaker. "Now I've dug a big hole in the groun', sort of a vault like, ye know, an' I tell my folks if worst comes to the worst, we can jus' pile in there."

"So you have prepared a city of refuge; a good idea," was the reply; "yet we may escape, although this part of the South seems to be the section just now chosen for such operations."

"Better all go home an' dig holes in the groun'," was the countryman's advice as he stalked out of the store.

Among the interested listeners was Jo, a little colored boy. He had battled with storms, and knew by actual experience that a high wind was not a force to be despised. "Let the siklone come," he chuckled, "I's prepared. 'Tain't ebery un dat owns a gran' undergroun' 'state. Take a mighty high wind to upset my pallis. I can lay dere as snug as a top, with never a fear dat my roof will sail off ober my head. Lor! but don't the wind blow. I b'lieve a siklone's comin' sure nuff!"

The wind continued to blow, gaining in force as the day waned, and by night the rain fell in torrents. The streets were nearly deserted, with here and there a traveler who struggled wearily against the storm. Notwithstanding Jo's high opinion of the good points of his establishment, hungry and cold he still wandered restlessly about, loath to take possession of his snug quarters.

"It's bad luck I've had to-day," he said; "yes, confounded bad luck! I thought for sure Jim would pay me dat nickel, he's a po' triflin' chap. An' Mr. Curtis, 'pears like he thinks I's rich, reckon he knows I live in a pallis"—and Jo laughed bitterly. "No matter," he continued more cheerfully, "'tain't the first time I've turned in supperless." And so, footsore, and with a very faint feeling in the region of the stomach, the forlorn little figure trudged bravely on in the darkness toward his cave-like berth on the side of a hill not far from the railroad. Here Jo had taken possession of a small natural cavern, and set up housekeeping. His household goods consisted of a few pieces of broken crockery, and a fragment of a quilt. "Mighty good of Dinah to give me this 'ere," soliloquized Jo, as he wrapped the old quilt closely about him; "reckon I'll pay her a call in the mornin', a bite of her cold vittles would go right good. I wonder if it's warm up dere where mother went! No night, no hunger, no cold, shouldn't min' trying it my own self." But poor Jo's troubles were soon forgotten in a dreamless sleep.

He awoke toward morning in speechless terror. It seemed as if the earth underneath him was shaken, there was a sound as if a heavy body had fallen, then all was silence. "Was it the siklone?" he thought. Gradually he gathered courage and his scattered wits. "I'll go out and 'vestigate," he said, although shaking with fear.

"Jerushy!" he cried. The frequent and violent rains had taken effect. Looking down toward the railroad track, he saw, in the dim light, that a portion of the embankment underneath it had given away. "Jerushy!" he repeated, "a wash out, an' it's mos' time for the early train." As he slept in his clothes, he could dispense with the little ceremony of dressing, and with no thought of the pelting storm, he rushed breathless and headlong to the station. The official there could scarcely credit Jo's words, but was forced to believe the evidences of his own senses, and the train was signaled and stopped ere it reached the fatal break. The washout created a profound sensation in the little town, and the narrow escape of the train was a nine days' wonder.

When Monday morning came, the usual number of loafers were gathered about the stove in the corner grocery, and our friend, the lank countryman, was engaged in his favorite occupation of spitting tobacco juice, while he kept up an animated discussion on the subject of cyclones and washouts.

"And ye say that nigger Jo was the fust to discover it and give the alarm? Wall, the boy ought to be rewarded."

"That's so," was the reply. "He's a bright, faithful chap, but he's lived from hand to mouth ever since his mother died; run of errands for Curtis, mostly, an' he's been kind of careless 'bout the boy. But he's all alive now, Curtis, I mean; an' he's going to send him to school, an' let him make something if he will. The boy's never had half a chance. There he is this blessed minute"—making a rush toward the door. "Here, Jo, hold on a second, we want to shake hands with you."

Jo edged in bashfully, the same Jo, but looking so bright and happy. A full stomach and a host of friends made a different world to the brave little colored waif.

As Jo undressed and crept into a comfortable bed that night, he fell into his odd way of talking to himself. "Dat washout's mighty lucky for me, but Dinah says don't talk of luck, jes' tank de good Lord. An' I does from my heart, an' I'll be somebody yet, an' then I'll help all the po' little uns in the wide world."—*E. E. B., in N. Y. Examiner.*

Why Green Brought Coal.

"I read in the paper to-day," said smart little Johnny Green to his teacher during the progress of the geology lesson, "that what appears to be a great area of pure carbon has been discovered."

"Ah, indeed!" said the teacher. "That is very interesting. I like to see that my boys are observant, and read the newspapers. But it is rare indeed to find deposits of pure carbon. Was the discovery made in Pennsylvania?"

"Farther away than that, sir. Far, far away."

"In Oregon, or Washington Territory, perhaps?"

"Further still, sir. It makes one's mind soar."

"Ah! Then it must be in the Russian petroleum fields, on the Caspian sea?"

"Much further than that, sir."

"Where is it, Green?"

"On the planet Neptune, sir."

"Ah, indeed! Well, Green, you may go down stairs and bring up ten hods of coal for the coal-box. With so important a discovery as that which you have just announced, it is plain that the supply of fuel isn't going to give out for some time to come. Go at once, sir!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Monkey Hero.

A nobleman had a favorite monkey, a large orangoutang, which, you know, is the largest species of monkey, except the gorilla. The monkey was very much attached to his master, and to the baby boy who was the pet of the whole family.

One day a fire suddenly broke out in the house, and everybody was running here and there to put it out, while the little boy in his nursery was almost forgotten, and when they thought of him, the staircase was all in flames. What could be done?

As they were looking up and wondering, a large, hairy hand and arm opened the window, and presently the monkey appeared with the baby in his arms, and carefully climbed over the porch, and brought the child safely to his nurse. Nobody else could have done it, for a man cannot climb like a monkey, and is not nearly so strong.

You may imagine how the faithful creature was praised and petted after that.

This is a true story, and the child who was saved was the young Marquis of Kildare.—*Golden Days.*

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.

The Parts Which Celluloid and Other Substances Play in Its Compositions.

How is artificial ivory made? Of late years the scarcity and dearness of genuine ivory have driven inventors to manufacture artificial compounds capable of replacing it for many industrial and domestic purposes. These compounds, which may almost without exception be classed under the name "celluloid," are formed of divided cotton waste, or some similar substance, soaked in either vegetable naphtha, nitro-benzol, camphor, or alcohol. Sufficient of these solvents is used to make a soft, plastic mass, which is subject to hydraulic pressure and mixed with oils, gums, and coloring matter. Any degree of flexibility can be given to it, and it can be made white and transparent, or of any brilliant color. It can be made hard as ivory, or retained in so soft a condition as to be capable of being spread in layers over textile fabrics in the same way as paint is laid on. It can be pressed and stamped, planed like wood, turned in a lathe, cut with a saw, carved, woven, or applied as a varnish. When dyed the dye runs through the whole substance, and can not therefore be rubbed or washed out. An artificial ivory of creamy whiteness and great hardness is now made from good potatoes washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution until they become solid and dense. They are then washed free of the acid and slowly dried. This ivory can be dyed and turned and made useful in many ways.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—There are in Massachusetts 65,000 more women than men. That is why the women have to stand in the horse-cars.—*Boston Transcript.*